

Lethal Pineapple

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Category: Psych

Genre: Crime, Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 18:21:34

Updated: 2016-04-15 03:37:57

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:48:58

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 6,023

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Burton Guster and Carlton Lassiter are two seasoned detectives of the SBPD, waiting for their new rookies; a blonde bombshell and a loose cannon, returning Santa Barbara native. Inspiration for this one comes from Psych, of course, and quite a bit of Lethal Weapon.

1. Chapter 1

The sun shone down brightly on Santa Barbara as detectives Carlton Lassiter and Burton Guster waited patiently for the arrival of their two new partners. "I hope mine doesn't break his hip again." Gus scoffed, crossing his arms.

"At least your last partner was busted for possession in the station." Lassiter grumbled. The last few "detectives" that had circled through had been total shit with a high turnover rate. They both hoped for some good turn out.

"Do we know anything about the two new detectives coming in, Chief?" Gus asked hopefully as Karen Vick left her office and passed them by to reach for the coffee pot.

"Well Guster, Lassiter's partner is one Juliet O'Hara who just passed the exam in Miami. She's young, bright, and loves to play by the book." Karen smiled at Lassiter, knowing this new O'Hara sounded like the model rookie. "Your new partner Guster, personally requested to stay in the dark."

"Stay in the dark? What the Hell does that mean?!" Gus snapped, really hoping that wasn't a black joke.

"You'll have to wait and find out, Detective." Vick briefly smiled before returning to her office.

"Well Guster, have fun with this one." Lassiter clapped the going detective on the back and returned to his own desk.

"C'mon son!" Gus exclaimed before returning to his desk as well.

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Shawn Spencer grabbed the morning paper and went back to the diner to his waiting juice and crawly snake. There was an issue, however. "Hot" does not do justice to the blonde goddess that had taken his seat. "Um, excuse me but I believe you are currently in my seat." Shawn tapped on her shoulder and briefly smiled, displaying that he wasn't mad but would like his seat back.

"Oh?" the blonde responded with a challenging smile of her own.

"You sure are. That juice and crawly snake prove it." Shawn pointed to the items he saw as seat markers. "You can finish the snake if you think you can handle it, but you haven't proven yourself to be worth my juice yet." Shawn stopped his rambling and turned to look at the ceiling as all the ways that sentence could be taken flooded his mind. "Well this just got a little awkward..." Shawn trailed off on his way back to the present, trying to find a way to salvage this encounter with a gorgeous woman.

"Yeah, a little." the mystery girl concurred. "Well, I should probably be getting going. Don't want to be late on the first day of my new job." she smiled as she stood up, motioning for him to have his place back.

Shawn looked at his watch, now wary of the time himself. "Oh shit, I should probably get going. This was a little weird, but I nonetheless enjoyed it." Shawn smiled, offering his hand. "Shawn Spencer."

The blonde smiled and rolled her eyes before accepting his hand shake. "Juliet O'Hara."

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"Alright Guster, time to get the rookies." Lassiter tapped on Gus's desk, bringing his eyes up from a pile of paperwork. He and Lassiter being solo the last three days had left them with a lot of extra work. They were the best two detectives on the force, and they couldn't be brought to be their own team with so much going on in the seemingly happy city.

Vick had gone to lunch and left her office at their disposal for their meeting of the new rookies. The first to arrive was the stunning blonde, Juliet O'Hara. She knocked on the door and waited till Lassiter waved her in. "Detective Lassiter?" she asked happily, looking forward to start.

"Head Detective Carlton Lassiter." he corrected her sternly. "Welcome to the SBPD, O'Hara. I'll be training you in, but this man is also worth introduction. "Detective Burton Guster."

"You can just call me Gus." Gus smiled at her and took her hand. "Depending on how profile the case is, our teams may be working together." Gus informed her.

"Guster, where's your partner?" Lassiter asked with an innocent look on his Irish face, but his tone spelled out mockery.

At that moment the door flew open and a man in a jean jacket and motor cycle helmet stood at the office entrance.

"Who the Hell do you think you are?" Lassiter barked at the unwelcomed individual.

The man in the doorway removed his helmet, a cocky smile on his young face. "Detective Shawn Spencer, that's who."

"Shawn?" Gus and Juliet said at the same time before turning to each other, wondering why the other knew him too.

"Hey buddy!" Shawn greeted Gus, that same stupid smile plastered on his face. "Long time no see, huh?"

"Shawn, are you fucking with me?" Gus shouted. "Come here!" Gus grabbed his arm and dragged him out of Vick's office, all the way down to the files room. "I haven't heard from you in years, then here you are in my police station saying you're my new partner!?" Gus summed up in a huff, knowing his old friend's antics. This would be Shawn's worst one yet, but he wouldn't put it past him.

Shawn answered without a word, simply showing Gus his badge and then his gun. Gus's face went white and pressed himself against a file cabinet. "Bring that sweet head over!" Shawn reached out for Gus's dome, but Gus swatted his hands away.

"My God, my new partner is a fucking crazy man." Gus left Shawn behind as he left the room, all of this feeling like a nightmare.

"Oh come on, buddy!" Shawn followed him out.

The new team went back up the stairs to find Lassiter and Juliet already going over Lassiter's ongoing case. "Damn, he works fast." Shawn pointed out as they passed Lassiter's desk, he also made sure to smile brightly at his new fellow rookie. Just a little bit of him warmed when she smiled back just as warmly.

"Take a seat, Shawn. Your desk is over there, closest to the coffee. Hang out here for a day or two till you get down the in station protocol." Gus ordered. They may be best friends, but Gus was pretty much Shawn's boss right now.

"So what's up first, buddy?" Shawn asked as he spun in circles slowly, taking in every station and personnel detail he could.

"You're gonna help me out with this paperwork from my last case right now." Gus said plainly. "It's not exciting, but not every part of the job is." Gus explained without his eyes coming off the paper.

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Time passed at a nearly existing pace for the brand new detective as paper after paper fell to his mighty pen.

Shawn's attention was grabbed by the static then voice that came over Gus's desk top police scanner and radio. "We have a 211 at the corner of Columbus and Ohio. Unit please respond." the woman's voice sounded.

"Detectives Guster and Spencer are 10-76." Gus responded into the receiver.

"Armed robbery? Sweet!" Shawn and Gus jumped into action and sped down the bullpen.

"Don't kill your rookie on day one, Guster!" Lassiter shouted as the new duo flew around the corner and down the stairs.

"Suck it, Lassiter!" Gus got out just in ear shot.

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"Dude, there they are!" Shawn pointed out as a blue SUV came right at them.

Gus hit the brakes and threw his car into reverse, nearly avoiding a head on collision. "Any bright ideas, Shawn?" Gus challenged, not wanting to keep this up long.

"Me? You're supposed to be teaching me!" Shawn shouted, buying time until he did come up with an idea. He removed his pistol and swapped clips, earning a confused glance from Gus. "Replacing rubber with real." Shawn explained before rolling his window down.

"Shawn, what the fuck do you think you're doing?!" Gus demanded as his new partner climbed half way out the window.

Shawn fired off three shots, exchanged with the other driver, the second and third bullets from Shawn's Glock striking the front tire of the car they were supposed to be pursuing. "Ha! Got em!" Shawn smiled victoriously.

"You're nuts, Shawn! You're fucking nuts!" Gus shouted as the SUV spun out and went back end first into an innocent light poll. The detectives jumped out of the Toyota Echo and ran to the motionless car, guns drawn.

"Get out of the car with your hands up!" Gus shouted, gun holding steady and Shawn by his side, his arm a little shaky.

The driver got out slowly, crawling forward with one arm, and his other hand holding his visibly bruised head. "What the Hell kind of cops are you?" the man asked as Gus cuffed him and brought him to the back seat of the Echo.

"Good ones." Shawn replied, still giddy from his first arrest. He smiled even brighter as he saw Gus mouth 'good job' to him.

The pair got into their respective seats and fist bumped a job well done. "Shawn, your arm is bleeding." Gus notes with worry.

"Oh, would you look at that!" Shawn noticed for the first time. "It

doesn't even
hurt."

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Shawn and Gus paraded the would have been thief up stairs and to the cells with triumphant smirks on their faces, Shawn not missing the opportunity to make eye contact with Lassiter. He didn't have a reason to dislike Lassiter, but he got the idea Lassiter wasn't going to be nice to him.

They quickly processed him and made their way back up top. "Can we take care of your arm now, Shawn?" Gus asked out of concern for his close friend.

"Yeah, I don't see why not." Shawn winced, the adrenaline going down and a slight burning setting in.

Gus reached his desk first and found a first aid kit he kept for minor work incidents. Lassiter picked on him for it often, but it had come in handy enough to make it worth the little jabs. "It's just a graze, but it's a good one." Gus informed him as he wiped it clean and slapped on a bandage.

"Thanks Gus, it even looks manly." Shawn commended Gus's surgical skill as he looked down at the Ace bandage on his arm. "I need some coffee. Want some?" Shawn began back pedaling, waiting for a response.

"No, I'm good. Thank you, though." Gus replied. Shawn spun around on his heels and almost crashed into his fellow rookie.

"Hey Juliet. What's up?" Shawn asked with a smile.

"Oh nothing. Lassiter ran out of stuff for us to do, so I was going to talk to you guys about what you did today." Juliet smiled warmly at him. Her eyes caught a glimpse of white before dropping down to see Shawn's bandaged arm. "Are you okay? What happened?" Juliet asked in a huff at Shawn sustaining an injury on his first day.

"Well that just sounds delightful, and as for my arm, that's all part of the story Gus and I will be sharing. I'm gonna grab some coffee and I'll be right over." Shawn pointed to the ever busy counter. "Want some? I'll make it extra special." Shawn's eyebrow raised expectantly.

"Okay, but only if it's EXTRA special." Juliet agreed with a little smile, making Shawn's heart beat faster. He hadn't felt butterflies like this since...

"I'll be right back." Shawn moved around her, trying to hide the downward spiral he felt in his stomach. It didn't go completely unnoticed, Juliet followed his rapidly moving form with a confused look.

Shawn quickly pulled out a zip lock bag of cocoa powder from his back jean pocket, looking around to see whether or not the coast was clear. If anyone else saw it, everyone would want it. It's like chewing gum in middle school. He added the chocolaty contents to the bottom of the foam cups before adding the company sludge.

When Shawn returned, even Lassiter was present for story time. He had held many jobs throughout his life up to this point, but maybe this one would actually stick around a while.

2. A Stolen Car and Some Dead Guys

****This chapter's gonna be kinda weird. This is going to start up a little longer case, and have a quick little side mission just for fun. Side mission plays a little on the chop shop episode along with Byrd the bounty hunter...****

****XXX ****

Shawn Spencer's alarm clock buzzed by his head, causing his eyes to fly wide open. It wasn't very often he woke up with such spirit, but something told him that today was going to be a better day than most.

As Shawn did his morning exercises, he began to wonder what could have him in such high spirits. Being back in his home town was a plus, along with his new job and crew which he felt very close to after only one week.

The entire station, okay most of the station, was very accepting of him and Juliet. They were both friendly spirits willing to help out wherever they could. Juliet O'Hara was a people pleaser, where Shawn was more interested in keeping his mind busy.

Thoughts of what today could bring him flew through his head as he took care of his morning ritual. The joke of the day hadn't quite come to him yet, but it usually didn't until he pulled his motorcycle into the SBPD parking lot.

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His hyper observant eyes scanned the parking lot, noticing the vehicles of Gus, Juliet and Lassiter. The gang was all there, drawing a smile to Shawn's face.

He felt his hair to make sure it was all in place after taking his helmet off. His button down shirt was mostly smoothed and tucked in. He refused to wear a jacket and tie, seeing it as impracticable for their job. He had been passive aggressively been going to war with Chief Vick about it since day one. He wasn't going to lose this one, he smiled to himself smugly as he pushed open the front doors of the SBPD.

"Morning Patrice!" Shawn waved at the officer behind the front desk, his voice bubbly but purpose in his quick steps.

"Morning Detective." Patrice smiled back at the high octane rookie.

Shawn went straight for the coffee counter before even looking at his morning mess, knowing he'd need the sludge to keep his morning zip going. He moved his head this way and that before reaching for his

cocoa bag. He poured a gracious amount into his cup quickly before filling his mug to the brim.

"Nice mug." Shawn recognized Juliet O'Hara's voice from beside him as she situated her own mug. He was shocked that he didn't smell her strawberry shampoo before he heard her.

Shawn looked down at his black mug, Crazy Train was printed on the side in big read letters. "That was my nickname back in highschool." Shawn told her, his face completely serious. The look on Juliet's face was full of doubt. "No really, that was my football nickname. I was a Hell of a kicker and punter. Picture it Juliet. Me in those tight pants." Shawn smiled as she blushed.

Juliet glared daggers at him after overcoming the initial blush, not quite used to Shawn's forwardness. She quickly reached into her purse and extracted a cocoa bag much like Shawn's, causing a small smile to spread on his face.

"Later, Juliet." Shawn tapped the counter, took his coffee and vacated the area.

"Now that you're done flirting with the other rookie, can we get to work, Shawn?" Gus was already out of patience with his off task rookie.

"We've been here a week, Gus. You know her name is Juliet." Shawn defended his new friend. "You're just mad because you don't have what we have." Shawn tilted his head up stubbornly.

"You two don't have anything, so yes I do have what you have." Gus argued back.

"So you stare at Lassiter's ass sometimes?" Shawn poked, just waiting for Gus to go off.

"Man, shut the fuck up!" Gus yelled before looking around the bullpen, everyone's eyes were on him. "Damn it, Shawn." Gus groaned, rubbing his hands over his closely shaved head. "I really hate you sometimes."

"I know you do buddy, I know." Shawn said sympathetically. "So..." Shawn spun around in his chair, nothing to do and hating standing still.

"We wait until called, Shawn. We can go for a quick patrol spin, but don't expect much." Gus warned him as he grabbed his coat.

"Bye Juliet." Shawn waved as he passed the young detective's desk.

"Bye Shawn?" Juliet looked up from her computer. "Where are you guys going?" she asked interested. It had been a slow week and Lassiter hadn't made a move since her third day.

"Lassiter, I'm taking the dog for a walk." Gus said as the pair passed Lassiter's desk as well.

"Remember to be back by lunch." Lassiter's voice didn't change at all from it's usual gruffness.

"Yup." Gus replied with a quick wave before he was gone around the corner and down the stairs.

XXX

Half an hour through their little patrol, Shawn and Gus pulled up to an intersection, where Lassiter and Juliet were at the opposite end of.

"Dude, are they following us?" Shawn asked, not quite believing his own thought.

"What the Hell." Gus felt like it was a little more than a coincidence.

The light turned green and the two cars drove past each other, odd looks coming from the opposite car.

"Let's go around the block two or three times, see if we can't get them here again." Gus suggested, beginning to believe Shawn's theory of being stalked.

"Lassiter's following us around like a dog, trying to steal whatever case we can find." Shawn turned to Gus with a look of revelation. Gus's face told him not to go there, but then softened considerably. "LASSIE!" Shawn shouted in glee.

XXX

Around the block they went three more times, and then sure enough, there was Lassiter's red Ford directly across from them again.

Gus stopped and waited for the light to turn, which really didn't need to be at this light trafficked intersection. He inched forward then back three times, Lassiter making the same moves.

As Gus growled at being followed, Shawn keyed in on the second silhouette in the car. Juliet was as confused about Lassiter's antics as they were. This was all Lassie.

"I've had it." Gus said in frustration as he forced open the car door. He tried to get out but was stopped by the seat belt he didn't unhook.

"Here buddy, let me help." Shawn reached over only to have Gus slap his hand forcefully. "Ouch!"

Gus freed himself and exited the Blueberry, heading straight for Lassiter's car. Shawn quickly followed him, not used to this aggressive side of Gus.

"Lassiter, get out of the car!" Gus shouted, rapidly knuckle tapping Lassiter's window.

"What the Hell, Guster?!" Lassiter yelled back as he and Juliet exited the vehicle.

"Why are you following me and my rookie around?" Gus refused to lower his voice.

"Shawn, my name is Shawn." he tried to throw on to only be ignored by Gus and Lassiter. Juliet frowned in his direction, knowing how he felt.

"I'm just showing O'Hara surveillance techniques." Lassiter weakly defended.

"Surveillance my ass!" Gus looked ready to throw punches. "You just want whatever kind of action me and Shawn find!" Shawn smiled at his name being remembered.

"So you guys do have something?" Lassiter scratched the back of his neck nervously.

"You're unbelievable!" Gus turned around and headed back to the Blueberry. "Damn it Shawn, get over here!"

Shawn smiled sheepishly to Juliet, waved and ran back to his steaming partner. "So..." Shawn dragged off, not sure what the new plan was.

"We're going back to the station." Gus drove through the intersection to pass up Lassiter and Juliet. Gus didn't feel like working, feeling more like lunch instead. "Del Taco first?" Gus suggested with a raised eyebrow.

"Can we boss, can we?" Shawn said with high pitched enthusiasm.

"I will slap the shit out of you, Shawn." Gus glared at his rarely serious friend.

"Good luck with that. I went before we left."

XXX

Del Taco was oddly silent. Shawn and Gus seemed to be the only two in the entire place.

"You did see the open sign on, right?" Gus played with his sleeves, his eyes darting back and forth. "This doesn't feel right."

"Yes Gus, the sign was on. And secondly... also, I do know what you mean. I don't like this either." The feeling creeping up Shawn's spine told him something was definitely going on. Pulling his gun, Shawn decided it was a good time to investigate. Starting by leaping over the counter.

"Shawn, what are you doing?" Gus barked from the customer side of the counter.

"What does it look like, Gus? I'm investigating." Shawn simply answered as he pressed himself against the wall before slipping into the back.

Gus had no option but to roll his eyes, draw his weapon and go in after his rookie.

Shawn checked behind this shelf and that shelf, looking into cooler after cooler before coming to the walk in freezer. With his gun still in one hand, he pressed himself to the door, slid down low and opened it to peek around the corner.

Shawn stood up and holstered his pistol. The only thing in the freezer were three bodies, clearly shot to death. "Son of a bitch!" Shawn yelled, kicking the door over and over.

"What is..." Gus's question was cut short by seeing it for himself. "That's fucked up." Gus commented with a straight face.

"Of course that's fucked up, Gus! We're detectives that detect the fucked up!" Shawn pointed out.

"It never gets less fucked up, Shawn. You just get used to things being fucked up." Gus defended himself.

"That's fair." Shawn had to give it to him. "Do you want to call Vick, or should I?" Shawn already had his phone in hand.

"I got this. You're too new for this shit." Gus went for his own phone while Shawn went to the loading bay door.

Shawn's eyes scanned the immediate area, not picking up anything special. Opting to go outside, Shawn found some chairs improvised out of milk crates and some emptied cans used as ash trays. They took smoke breaks out here so the door would usually be unlocked. What he wanted wasn't there though. He had no idea if they came in our went out this way, who they were or how many. All they had were three bodies and nothing else.

"Anything, Shawn?" Gus asked as he came to stand next to his partner, his eyes scanning over what Shawn had just read.

"Yeah, a whole lot of nothing. This crime scene is as empty as the Mystery Science Theater. Three bodies and nothing else." Shawn summed up lamely. Shawn's eyes scanned the area one more time, a very partial boot print catching his eye. "Buddy." He tapped Gus's arm and pointed down.

"Look's like a partial to me." Gus held out his fist to be bumped.

XXX

"What do we have here, boys?" Lassiter asked arriving on scene with the CSIs and Juliet right with him.

"Three dead, all employees. Partial boot print, looks like blood. That's about it." Gus summed up quickly. Lassiter was checking in as head detective, but if he tried to take this case from Gus and Shawn, there might be some problems.

"Doesn't sound like a lot to go off of. O'Hara, I want CSIs to sweep the whole damn building and the grounds out as far as the highway." Lassiter commanded, sending Juliet to give his orders. "You two can oversee everything here and make sure the lab monkeys don't sneeze on anything." Lassiter nodded and made his exit.

"That was just so wonderful. I don't think we could have ever managed without that devine wisdom." Shawn poked at the older detective.

"Yeah, he's good at that. Spencer, will you go see what's around outside while I take care of inside?"

"Yeah, sure buddy." Shawn said happily as he turned to the door. "Wait a second... did you call me 'Spencer'?" Shawn asked taken aback by the use of his last name.

Gus took Shawn by the arm and lead him to the door. "Yeah, I think it's best if I use your last name around the other guys, you know?"

"No Gus, I don't." Shawn said still confused.

"Man, you're my rookie. We're not supposed to be all buddy buddy. You're supposed to be following my lead." Gus tried to explain from a higher up point of view.

"What the Hell is this? Gus, we are 'buddy buddy'". Shawn said in air quotes. "We grew up together man. I came back to Santa Barbara so I could work with you, because I missed this." He pointed back and forth between himself and Gus. "Now you're pulling 'I'm bigger than you' shit?"

"You know it's for appearances, Shawn." Gus said looking over his shoulder at watching CSIs.

"Fine, but I'm not calling you boss or sir." Shawn growled, feeling stepped on. He wrenched the door open and made his exit.

XXX

Once outside, Shawn's hyper observant abilities kicked in to full force. His eyes picked up a single thick tire track, full and black that appeared to be sliding into a parking space, and another track from the opposite direction, probably the exit track.

Next he picked up four sets of prints in the dirt leading up to the stairs next to the docking bay. They all lead in, but only one trail lead out and made way to the tire track.

The outside had so much more to offer the CSIs and himself. Now came the part that every detective hates. The waiting for results stage. So much testing and processing, waiting for warrants if they get a lead. The red tape drove Shawn Spencer crazy.

XXX

Shawn's head was surprisingly silent on his ride home, focusing only on his bike and the road. A quiet head on the way home meant little sleep in Shawn's experiences.

He brought his bike to rest and slowly slid his helmet off. He stayed mounted on his bike a while longer, trying to identify the reason for

his melancholy feeling.

After a few minutes of sitting on his bike like an idiot with his tongue boring a hole in his cheek, he decided to leave it alone and go inside.

Shawn picked his own lock with a paper clip, due to the fact that he lost his key immediately after moving in. His helmet was unceremoniously tossed to the floor as he B-lined for the fridge where a cold beer awaited him.

With beer in hand, Shawn leapt over the back of the couch and perfectly landed in a horizontal position. That move had taken a lot of practice.

Shawn couldn't think of a better way to spend his night than with Dos Equis and some Phineas and Ferb. All phone calls would have to wait till morning.

XXX

Morning light broke through the windows of the old dry cleaning place that Shawn rented for no more than a song. Shawn cursed the light that morning, not remembering what had happened in the dark the night before. The photograph of his wedding on his night stand gave him a little idea of what he had put himself through. The bottles scattered on the floor had also been a pretty big tip.

He ran a hand through his hair then down his face as he thought about all the adulating he had to do. Why couldn't every morning be as easy as yesterday morning?

XXX

Shawn Spencer ran up the stairs of the SBPD, a smile going cheek to cheek as he ran the same old motions that he had developed for this life.

At the top of the stairs at the beginning of the bullpen, Shawn stopped and his breath left him. The morning light was coming in at the perfect angle, striking the golden blonde hair of one of the SBPD's newest detectives. Juliet's hair was literally glowing, giving it the image of Jason's Golden Fleece. She was just so adorable in that light, her face slightly scrunched in concentration over the paperwork she tended to so carefully. Shawn saved that image in his head, shook off his wonderment and moved on with his morning without Juliet O'Hara being none the wiser about her not too secret admirer.

"Morning Spencer." Gus said flatly, his coffee raised to his lips and eyes never leaving his computer.

Shawn rolled his eyes at Gus's professionalism. Gus had always used last names for his partners, it's just how the seasoned detectives rolled around here, but Shawn hoped he'd be different.

"Morning Gus." Shawn tried to hide his agitation. "What's on the agenda today?" God did he ever hope there was a case

advancement.

"Good news and bad news." Gus turned away from his computer to face his quickly learning rookie. "The bloody partial foot print matched a set going in and the only one coming out. It's not a Hell of a lot to go off of. The blood print was only a partial, so it's not 100% presentable evidence."

"Wow, that is shitty." Shawn said leaning back in upset. He expected that, but it still sucked. "Did anything come of the blood test?"

"Yeah, the partial foot matches the murdered store manager's blood. All the fingerprints the CSIs lifted are still being run through AVIS and being analyzed by our guys. We don't have a lot of work to do right now except for writing up our reports to this point."

"Yup, this is as fucking boring as I thought today would be." Shawn stormed off to his desk. He didn't have the patience down yet to wait for all of this fancy lab stuff. Shawn was a man that preferred immediate satisfaction.

XXX

Lunch time rolled around and Shawn found himself spinning in circles in his desk chair. His work was all done and more waiting was destroying his nerves.

The arrival of the other young rookie caught his attention immediately. "Hi Juliet." Shawn beamed happily. "What brings you by?"

"I kind of need your help..." Juliet trailed off, biting her lip.

"I'm listening." Shawn leaned forward on his elbows.

"Can you and Gus give me a hand finding someone?" Juliet was still playing adorably sheepish.

"You should ask Gus, not me. He kind of put me on the 'he uses my last name' basis." Shawn explained while fighting valiantly not to grit his teeth. "Let's go ask him together." Shawn recovered with a smile, pushing himself up to go see his partner and current trainer.

"What is it, Spencer?" Gus asked with some interest, being bored to Hell himself.

Juliet quickly frowned in Shawn's direction, knowing how worked up Gus's use of his last name made him.

"Actually Gus, it's more of an 'I need something'." Juliet tried to explain over her rookie nerves. "You remember Linda Frank?"

"The grand theft auto girl?" Gus asked from under confused eyebrows. "What about her?"

"Yeah um, Dobson was bringing her in himself but lost her..." Juliet

trailed off awkwardly.

"WHAT!?" Gus yelled in shock and anger.

"Well, Dobson was bringing her in by himself, but lost control of her in the parking lot. She jacked Lassiter's car..." Juliet couldn't get to a point where she didn't feel awkward. "Dobson told me to fix it because it could put me in good standing with Carlton. Also, I can bank it as an extra favor with Dobson because he has a huge work load without all of this mess." Juliet pushed out quickly, unsure if Gus's patience was as short lived as Lassiter's.

"Calm down, Juliet. We can find him." Gus soothed her. "So we just have to find Lassiter's car and Linda Frank. No problem." Gus stood up from his desk and made sure his purple button down shirt was properly tucked in.

"Sick! Let's go catch us a car jacker." Shawn said happily, checking his Glock and clips.

"Spencer, we're not going to shoot anyone." Gus told Shawn sternly.

"You can't promise that." Shawn's comment earned him an eye roll from both Gus and Juliet.

XXX

The trio had patiently waited for Lassiter to make a bathroom visit before they quickly snuck out of the station, not wanting to bring his attention to the special ops and his missing car.

"Where do we go to find an escapee car jacker?" Gus asked aloud, as much to them as it was to himself.

"Juliet, do you have Frank's file? I'm more than willing to bet she's going to try to get rid of all identifications that can link the car to Lassie. Replacing the license plate, removing the vehicle identification number. That sort of stuff." Shawn suggested. He couldn't imagine her parading a cop car around town all day with all the correct damning evidence.

"There's no way she'd bring it to her own damn house!" Gus argued, thinking it a poor idea.

"She knows how to do the work, so she might as well save the money by doing it herself. She would expect us to expect her to take it somewhere that wasn't her house, so she thinks she's safe at her house. The thing is, she's not safe at her house because I expected what she'd expect us to expect she was expecting." Shawn quickly fired, confusing both Gus and Juliet.

"Spencer, have I ever told you I fucking hate you sometimes?" Gus groaned as he drove towards Frank's house.

XXX

The Blueberry was roughly a block away from the location provided by

the file, where Shawn decided an element of surprise was needed. This caused him to draw his weapon with rubber bullets ready to go, and with a nod of his head he tuck and rolled out the door.

"Damn it, Spencer!" Gus called after him, hating the never slow down attitude of his partner. Gus and Juliet stuck to the usual protocol, which involved pulling up to Frank's garage and stepping out of the car.

The pair pressed themselves against the pull up garage door with no sign of Shawn. "We're going in anyway." Gus whispered, doing a three count with his fingers. Before he could drop the final finger, the sound of shattered glass was heard.

Gus opened the door with Juliet covering him, only to find Lassiter's car and Linda Frank with hands up in the air. Shawn stood next to a broken window with gun drawn and eyes wild.

XXX

"Thank you guys SO much!" Juliet told Shawn and Gus as they locked Linda Frank securely away, Lassiter's car safely back in the lot.

"No problem, Juliet. Dobson's going to get a earful for trying to drop his fuck up on rookies, though." Gus said sternly.

"We were more than happy to have something to do, Juliet." Shawn smiled warmly at her. "Besides, I don't mind padding my stats." he shrugged, the smile never leaving his face.

"You." Gus pointed at Shawn. "Don't you ever try to pull that cowboy shit on me ever again!" Gus yelled at the reckless detective.

"Oh come on, Gus! You're just pissed because you don't have the same tiger blood that flows through these veins!" Shawn yelled, pointing to his forearm.

"Tiger blood?! Tiger blood my ass!" Gus's face was turning red as he and his rookie screamed at each other in the middle of the station.

Juliet decided to leave the boys alone to hash this out, but she couldn't hide the smile on her face as she walked away.

XXX

**Expect slow updates on this one, I'm afraid. Also in the future, more on Shawn's back story and positive work relation developments with Gus. I'm also trying not to rush into anything with Shawn and Juliet too quickly. **

Reviews would be very appreciated!

End
file.